

NO SONG NO SUPPER:

AN
O P E R A,

IN TWO ACTS:

AS PERFORMED

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE.

W. H. P. H. H.
—
DUBLIN:

P. BYRNE, 208, GRAFTON-STREET:

—
M,DCC,XCII.—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Frederick,</i>	—	Mr. KELLY,
<i>Robin,</i>	—	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
<i>Endless,</i>	—	Mr. SUETT,
<i>Crop,</i>	—	Mr. DIGNUM,
<i>Thomas,</i>	—	Mr. ALFRED,
<i>William,</i>	—	Mr. SEDGWICK.



W O M E N.

<i>Margaretta,</i>	—	Signora STORACE,
<i>Louisa,</i>	—	Mrs. CROUCH,
<i>Dorothy,</i>	—	Mrs. BLAND,
<i>Nelly,</i>	—	Miss HAGLEY,
<i>Deborah,</i>	—	Mrs. BOOTH.

NO SONG NO SUPPER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A View of the Sea on the Coast of CORNWALL; ROBIN discovered asleep, FREDERICK enters from a part of the Rock.

FREDERICK.

THE lingering pangs of hopeless love, condemn'd
Unpitied—unpitied to endure.

Ah! hapless fate! by flight I strove

To soothe the pain I could not cure.

Cease, Ocean, cease, cease thy angry strife,

Or here thy whelming billows pour: I ask, I ask

But this, oh! take, oh! take my life,

Or bear me to some distant shore.

Cruel destiny! to be driven ashore on this spot which I had resolved to fly from for ever: but all things conspire to counter-act my designs; I had scarcely embarked, when a conspiracy was formed among the crew to deprive me of my life, which was happily preserved by the generosity of an English sailor; who, I fear, has perished, with all his honest companions.—
[Sees Robin.] Good Heav'ns! Is it possible, my generous preserver lives? Robin—what, ho!—Robin.

Robin, (waking and starting.) No, we won't drown. Courage, my lads, lay hold of that plank, Master Frederick.

A 2

Fred.

Fred. Honest spirit—careful of me, even in his dreams.

Robin. (*Rises, takes tobacco, and stares at Frederic*) Where the dence am I?

Fred. Don't you know me, my friend?

Robin. Master Frederic!—egad, then we are alive—yet, I thought we had been both in Davy Jones's Locker.

Fred. I assure you, I may sincerely say, that I rejoice more for your safety than my own.

Robin. Reef your compliments a little, and I'll believe you. Where are we, think you?

Fred. Alas! I am but too well acquainted with the place. We are on the coast of Cornwall, not far from Penzance.

Robin. Say you so? Never droop then, we cou'd not have made a better port, I have friends here will take care of us, all as one as if we were at home.

Fred. Friends here!

Robin. Aye, if this storm has not carried them into the sea; I have a brother-in-law hard by, whom indeed I have not seen for some years, but he was alive when I last heard.

Fred. What was his name?

Robin. Crop—an honest farmer.

Fred. (*aside.*) Good Heav'n! my Louisa's father.

Robin. He married a sister of mine, when I was a boy, she died some years ago, and left him a daughter, who, they say, is grown a fine girl; and now he's spliced to another mate.

Fred. Well, Robin, we shall have no occasion to trouble your brother at present; I have an estate in the neighbourhood, where you shall be welcome; for your generosity has twice preserved my life,

Robin. Look ye, Master Frederick, I have been from my country these three years, but I hav'nt so far forgot Old England, as not to stand by a man who fights against odds.

Fred.

Fred. You risked your own life, for me.

Robin. That's no concern to a British sailor; he holds his life in keeping for his king, his country, and his friend, and for *them* he will cheerfully lay it down, whether scorching beneath the Line, or freezing under the North Pole—but look, some of our messmates heave in fight.

Enter WILLIAM and SAILORS.

Robin. What cheer, my lads? Any part of the wreck saved? What, all ashore? What's become of the boat?

Will. Ah! Robin, she went down just after we left her, with all that we had aboard.

Robin. So much the worse, I thought I had been rich enough to have taken Margareta in tow for life, but now all's afloat again.

Fred. You shall go home with me, my friends. I have a strong desire to see Louisa, what if I accompany Robin? (*aside.*)

Robin. Thank you, Sir, but some of us will look out and see if the sea shou'd heave ashore any of the cargo.

Fred. I'll go with you, Robin to your brother-in-law.

Robin. With all my heart; do you, William, keep a good look out from the top of the rock till it is dark, and the rest keep watch on the beach.

Will. So we will, Robin; come along, my lads.

[*Exeunt William and Sailors.*]

Fred. Now, Robin, I have a secret to entrust to you.

Robin. Well, let it be a short one then, for a long one always sets me to sleep.

Fred. You must know, Robin, that I quitted England on account of the fairest of women.

Robin. Why, that is something of my case, a shark of a lawyer bore down upon me, and carried off some little property that I design'd for my mistress, and I

was not willing to make her a beggar, and so I went to sea again.

Fred. How nearly allied in principles to my Louisa (*aside*,) Know then, Robin, the fairest of women I mean, was Louisa, your niece.

Robin. My niece! Give me your hand, Master Frederic, if she is not married you shall have her to-morrow, but what the devil made you bear away, and leave her tho'? Did you run foul of a lawyer too? You seem'd to have cash enough.

Fred. Yes, Robin, but I was determined to prove her love for me, without acquainting her with my circumstances; I therefore gave out I was a poor scholar—this had'nt altogether the desired effect; for she, fearing to distress my friends by our union, refus'd me.

Robin. That was taking to the long boat, when you might have been safe in the ship.

Fred. I shall not immediately inform her of my circumstances, therefore, Robin, promise not to betray me.

Robin. Nay, if it's your fancy—but, believe me, 'tis a foolish one. Well, if I had a thousand guineas, the greatest pleasure they cou'd give me, wou'd be to count them into Margareta's lap.

Fred. You won't disclose my secret?

Robin. What do you take me for? If this is all, step forward—I'll just give a look out and see if any part of our little wreck remains above water, and come up with you presently. [*Exeunt severally.*]

A Room in CROP's House.

Enter CROP and DOROTHY.

Crop. But I tell you wife, you are wrong.

Dor. Don't tell me, George; I'm sure it's your own fault.

Crop. My own fault, Dorothy! Zounds! I wish the devil had the lawyer and the law-suit together, for my part.

Dor.

AN OPERA

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Dor. Indeed, George, I can't guess the reason why you shou'd be cross with me; I can't help it, you know, and yet you always quarrel with me.

Go, George, I can't endure you,
You wrong me, I assure you,
I wonder why I love you,
Why I love you still.

Are women for no use meant
But merely man's amusement,
To teize and torture as he will, and torture as he will?
No, if you lov'd me true, you'd other means pursue,
No, that you don't 'tis plain, I tell you so again,
No, no, no, no, no, no, you ne'er cou'd bear to use me so.
No, no, &c.

What see you pray, about me,
Thus still to scold and flout me?
Such treatment yet was never heard;
I ne'er must speak, (good gracious)
I'm sure 'tis quite vexatious;
I never now must speak a word.
No, if you lov'd me true, &c.

Crop. Why isn't it enough to make one crosse to be kept dilly dally so long after what's my right, I am sure I wish I had never disputed about it, tho' it is my right.

Dor. What, you wish to give up the legacy, do you? Tho' Mr. Endless assures you it will be settled next week.

Crop. Aye, so he has said this long time past. I have had plague enough about it, and now I must neglect my work, to go in search of Grist, the miller, to answer for my character; he must be brought up, forthwith, fooling to Mr. Endless.

How happily my life I led, without a day of sorrow,
To plow and sow, to reap and mow, no care beyond the
morrow.

No

NO SONG NO SUPPER,

No care beyond the morrow.

In heat or cold, in wet or dry,

I never grumbl'd, no, not I.

My wife, 'tis true, loves words a few,

My wife, &c.

What then, I let her prate;

What then, &c.

For sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,

I found myself still rich enough,

In the joys of an humble state.

For sometimes smooth, &c.

But when with law I craz'd my head,

I lost both peace and pleasure,

Long says to hear,

To search and swear,

And plague beyond all measure.

One grievance brought another on,

My debts increase, my stock is gone,

My wife, she says,

Our means 'twill raise,

What then, 'tis idle prate.

For sometimes smooth, &c.

Dor. (cries.) Ah ! George, you don't care any thing about me : there's Farmer Trotman's wife, can have a silk cloak, and a dimity petticoat, and go dress'd like a lady; aye, and have a joint of meat every day; and I'm sure we hav'n't a joint above once a month, that we hav'n't.

Crop. Well, wife, don't be so uneasy; things have gone badly of late to be sure; but have a good heart, when I have gain'd my law-suit I'll live like a gentleman; I'll never have any small-beer in my house; I'll drink nothing but wine and ale, and we'll have a joint of roast pork for dinner, every Sunday.

Dor. I don't like pork, I say it shall be lamb.

Crop. But, I say, it shall be pork.

Dor.

AN OPERA,

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Dor. I hate pork; I'll have lamb.

Crop. Pork! I tell you.

Dor. I say, lamb, you don't know what's good.

Crop. Zound's! It shan't be lamb; I will have pork.

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. For ever contending! Will you never be at peace?

Dor. What's that to you? Why do you interfere with what does n't concern you? Leave your father and me to settle matters.

Louisa. I only spoke, because I wished you to have comfort.

Dor. Comfort, indeed! Why, when you see every body happy in the house, you go moping and pining about like a sick turkey polt; you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to let your head be running on a young man—you ought.—

Crop. Fie, fie, wife! an't you contented to have forc'd her to leave the house, but you must always be tormenting her. Come, Louisa, I am going to your cottage, and will walk with you. I shall be back presently.

Louisa. Alas! why should you accuse me of loving Frederic, when you know I refus'd him, because I wou'd not add one to a poor family who hadn't means to support them. Alas! how little did I know my own heart.

I thought our quarrels ended, and set my heart at ease,
'Tis strange you've thus offended, you take delight to teize,

Yes, yes, you take delight to teize.

Dear Sir, decide the strife, betwixt your child and wife,

Alas! the grief I feel, I dare not to reveal.

I know that you believe, for Frederic's loss I grieve,

Psho! psho! psho! psho! very well, very well, as you please,

Very well, very well, think as you please.

In

NO SONG NO SUPPER,

In vain, I'm always striving,
 To make our difference cease,
 If you're disputes contriving
 And will not live in peace,
 No, no,
 You will not live in peace.
 I'm vex'd, dear Sir, for you,
 But say, what can I do?
 To none I can complain.

I know that you believe, for Frederic's loss, &c.

[Exit Louisa with Crop.]

Dor. At rumpery saucy baggage—Nelly! (*calls Nelly.*)

Enter NELLY.

Nelly. Here, Mistress.

Dor. You heard what George said, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes, I heard him say he would be back again presently.

Dor. It is not dark yet?

Nelly. No, it is not near night yet.

Dor. Don't you know what I mean, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes, you expect Mr. Endless to see you.

Dor. Yes. I hope George won't meet him, because, as he don't know of Mr. Endless's coming, he might be angry. The supper will be in time, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes, I shall take care to have the leg of lamb ready, and you know there is a nice cake that we baked yesterday, will do for after supper; but what shall we do for wine?

Dor. O! Mr. Endless promised to send some wine; he is a charming man, and talks so prettily, my sweet Dorothea he calls me. I wish George would learn manners from him, but I declare he drives me about like his sheep and oxen, and I hav'n't had the last word not once this week.

[Exeunt Nelly and Dorothy.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

The outside of CROP's house.

Enter MARGARETTA with ballads.

With lowly suit and plaintive ditty, I call the tender
mind to pity,
My friends are gone, my heart is beating, and chilling
poverty's my lot,
From passing strangers aid intreating, I wander thus
alone forgot.

Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
And Heaven reward you with its blessing.

Here's tales of love and maids forsaken,
Of battles fought, and captures taken,
The jovial tar so boldly sailing,
Or cast upon some desert shore.

The hapless bride his loss bewailing,
And fearing ne'er to see him more.

Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
And Heav'n reward you with its blessing.

Mar. My old father little thinks where I am ; 'ecod
its all his own fault ; for if he wou'd have let me mar-
ried Robin, I shou'd not have run away ; but he wanted
me to marry a stupid old figure like himself, only be-
cause he was rich ; but what are riches, when compared
to love ? I hated him, and wou'dn't have had him if
his skin had been stuffed with diamonds. Besides, I
knew it was on his account the law-suit was commenced
against Robin, which made him leave me.—If I was
fond of riches, I might have been rich long ago.
Hav'n't I refused a great many good offers ? aye ! and
would again, for I love nobody but Robin ; and to have
him, I'd run away from fifty fathers. I think no one
can know me in this disguise ; however, I'll lay by my
ballad-singing dress now, and seek some honest service,
'till I hear of Robin's return—but my basket is empty,
and

and 'tis high time to look out for a night's lodging—
here's a cottage—that's fortunate—I'll try here. (*She
knocks at the door.*)

*Enter NELLY, then DOROTHY, who with MARGA-
RETTA, join in Trio.*

NELLY.

Knocking at this hour of day,
What's your business, mistress, pray?

MARGARETTA.

A stranger at your friendly door,
I shelter from the night implore.

NELLY.

This begging is a sorry trade,
I fear you'll find but little aid;
But stay, I'll ask and let you know.

MARGARETTA.

Alas! too sure, I fear 'tis true,
A beggar finds a beggar's due,
Tho' oft unfeign'd the tale of woe,
A beggar finds a beggar's due.

DOROTHY.

You must be gone, we're left alone,
And harbour here can give you none.

MARGARETTA.

My aching feet no more suffice,
A little straw is all I crave.

DOROTHY.

Not two miles hence the village lies,
I wonder what the wench wou'd have.

NELLY.

Not two miles hence, &c. &c.
I wonder what, &c. &c.

MARGARETTA.

Hapless lot, must I go hence?—Oh! pity me.

DOROTHY.

Go, get you packing, gypsy, hence,
We told you that you cou'd not stay—

NELLY.

NELLY.

I wonder at your impudence,
Begone, you baggage, march away.

MARGARETTA.

Oh! let me stay, for poverty is no offence,
And 'tis too late to find the way.

[Nelly and Dorothy go into the house.]

Margaretta, solus.—Now, as I'm a woman, here's some mischief a-foot, two women left alone, and refuse the company of a third, only for the sake of being alone; O! impossible. I'll find it out before I go—who comes here? some men—I'll step aside and see if they are as uncharitable to coat and waistcoat as they are to petticoats. [Margaretta retires.]

Enter Thomas, with a basket, and knocks at the door.

Thomas. Mrs. Nelly, Mrs. Nelly.

Nelly, (*enters from house.*) Well, Thomas, what do you want?

Thomas. My master has sent the wine, and—

Nelly. Hush! speak softly, Thomas.

Thomas. My master will be here himself presently.

Nelly. Oh! very well, walk in and see what we have prepared. [Thomas and Nelly go into the house.]

Margaretta comes forward.—So, as I suspected, but let me see, (*goes and looks in at the door*) one, two, three, four bottles of wine; well said, Mr. Steward, very pretty provision, indeed! the cake in the closet is for after supper, I suppose. The boiled lamb is the gentleman's choice, I imagine. O! Mr. Thomas seems coming out; I'll step aside again, for I'll see the end on't, I'm determin'd. (*Retires.*)

[Thomas comes from house and exit.]

Margaretta coming forward.—'Egad! Thomas said true enough, for here his master comes, I believe—I shall see more.

B

Enter

Enter Endless.

Endless. 'Egad! this was sweetly contriv'd, while this law-suit of mine turns my simple farmer *out* of his house, I turn *in*; a good turn faith—Ha! one good turn deserves another.

Margaretta, (aside.)—Sure, I shou'd know that face and voice.

Endless. This dress, I think, cannot fail of attracting Dorothea's heart; but the best of the joke is, she fancies I am in love with her—ha! ha! ha! a monstrous good joke, faith—ha! ha! ha! I doubt, whether I shine most in carrying on a sham action, or a counterfeited passion. *I am Marti, quam Mercutio.*

Margaretta, (aside.)—As I live, it is that wicked rogue, Endless, who commenced an action against Robin, took from him all he had, and drove him to sea.

Endless. If I can but compass my suit, and prevail on her to consent to my wishes, for she has always refus'd me hitherto.

Margaretta, (aside.)—I must plague him a little—but hold, I had best decamp, for if he shou'd know me, he'll certainly carry me back to my father and have me married—I'll not venture that.

[Crosses the stage and exit, singing the last line of her song, looking at Endless.]

Endless. This is unlucky; that girl is watching me. I dar'n't go into the cottage—I'll turn back again, 'till she is out of fight—that I will. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E

The inside of Crop's house.

A table, two chairs on.

Enter Crop, with a large basket hanging on a stick over his shoulder, which appears heavy, he puts it on the table, then enter

Dorothy. So, George, you're come back; where have you been?

Crop.

Crop. Why about my business, and heartily tir'd I am. (*Brings a chair near the front of the stage, and sits down.*)

Dor. Well, but where have you been?

Crop. Go and shut the door, which I perceive I've left open, and I'll tell you.

Dor. Not I, indeed; I go shut the door! No, go and shut the door yourself; why did you leave it open?

Crop. Because my hands were full.

Dor. So you want to give me the trouble to shut the door, because your hands were full. Indeed, I shall not. (*Brings a chair and sits down near Crop.*)

Crop. Now, wife, go shut the door, and don't be obstinate.

Dor. I obstinate! upon my word! I obstinate indeed! I don't chuse to shut it, sir.

Crop. Why then let it stand open.

Dor. With all my heart, so it may.

Crop. Now, why can't you go and shut it?

Dor. I don't chuse it, and there's an end on't.

Crop. Come, I'll make a bargain with you wife, whoever speaks the first word, shall go and shut the door.

Dor. Agreed!

D U E T.

CROP.

I think I'll venture to surmize, I know who'll speak the first

DOROTHY.

You think, no doubt, your wond'rous wife, before I speak I'll burst.

CROP.

Depend upon't.

DOROTHY.

Depend upon't.

BOTH.

Depend upon't,

You'll have the worst.

B 2

CROP.

NO SONG NO SUPPER.

CROP.

Can you your tongue keep in?

DOROTHY.

Yes, when shall we begin?

CROP.

Agreed, agreed, and now take heed,
When I hold up my thumb.

DOROTHY.

Agreed, I'm silent, mum, mum, &c. &c.

(They turn their backs to each other, and sit mute.)

Robin, *(without.)* Yo hoa! Messmates, what doors open at this time of night? *(Enters)* Ha! brother Crop, I'm heartily glad to see you. *(Shakes hands with Crop, who seems pleased to see him.)* I've a few friends hard by, who came to beg a night's lodging of you: we have been cast away, and saved nothing but our lives: I have promised them a hearty welcome, my boy, *(looks at Crop for an answer)* what, are you deaf? Why, don't you know me! I never took you for one that would be dumb to a friend in distress. What the Devil's the matter? Have you lost your speech since I saw you? That's a damn'd bad job, *(crosses to Dorothy.)* Pray how long has poor brother Crop been on the doctor's list? What, a dumb wife too! I wish you joy, brother Crop. Which quarter is the wind in now?

Euter FREDERIC.

Fred. So, Crop, where's your daughter? Why don't you answer me?

Robin. It's all in vain, not a breath stirring.

Fred. Why do you shake your head? Why don't you speak, Crop?

Robin. There's an embargo laid on words, and you see the port is shut.

Fred. Answer me, I beg. Where's Louisa?

Robin. Speak to him in some foreign lingo, Master Frederic, for he seems to have forgot the use of his own tongue,

tongue, he has lost his English. (*To Dorothy.*) Do you always discourse together in this manner?

Fred. I suppose this is some new quarrel.

Robin. No, it must be an *old* one, for they have had no words of late.

Fred. I'll go and seek an answer elsewhere.

[*Exit Frederic.*]

Robin. A quarrel would never produce such a dead calm. How the Devil shall I get an answer! What's the matter with you both? (*bawling*) Dam'me, he's as deaf as the mainmast: I might as well talk to the Gorgon's head under our bowsprit. Can you hear or not?

Crop. (*Nods.*)

Robin. Can you speak?

Crop. (*Nods.*)

Robin. Will you speak?

Crop. (*Shakes his head.*)

Robin. Dam'me, but if we had you aboard the Gorgon, we would send your tongue afloat; a good ducking at the yard-arm, and a round dozen, would put your jawing tacks aboard, and be well employed on you; wouldn't it mistress?

Dor. (*very eagerly.*) Aye! that it would—O! dear—I forgot.

Crop. Ha! ha! ha! now Dorothy, go and shut the door.

[*Exit Dorothy.*]

Robin. Shut the door!

Crop. Aye! she spoke first.

Robin. Why, you hadn't quarrelled about shutting the door, had you? a good joke, o'my conscience! Well, George, now your door's shut and mouth open, let me know if you can give us a night's lodging.

Crop. Aye! and welcome, but I fear I can't be your host to-night, for I must go as far as Grift's, the millar, on some business.

Robin. I'll Go with you, and look after my messmates.

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. Prithee, Crop, tell me where she is?

Crop. Where who is?

Fred. Louisa.

Crop. At her grandmother's hard by, where she has been some time, and I assure you, Frederic, she has never had a smile on her countenance since you left her; therefore, make none of your fine speeches to her, or you'll break the poor girl's heart. Od's heart, Robin! I'm so happy to meet with you again—I can't tell you how glad I am to see you.

Robin No more you cou'd just now: your joy was so great, it seem'd to be past speaking.

Exeunt Crop and Robin.

Fred. What have I heard? Is it possible my Louisa loves me still? I'll think of some disguise to visit her in immediately, and this night shall decide my fate.

[*Exit* Frederic.]

SCENE V.

The outside of CROP's house.

Enter CROP, ROBIN, WILLIAM, and FREDERIC *from the house, who begin the Finale. In the course of which, MARGARETTA, DOROTHY and NELLY enter, the two latter from the house, the former from the side wing. End of the Finale, DOROTHY and NELLY go into the house; CROP, ROBIN, WILLIAM and FREDERIC, exeunt on the right hand, MARGARETTA on the left.*

The Stage very dark during Finale.

FINALE.

CROP.

How often thus, I'm forc'd to trudge,
I own this uselefs toil I grudge.

ROBIN.

Cheer up, and let your heart be light.

CROP.

CROP.

Tho' long and tiresome is the way,
I must be back by break of day,

ROBIN.

Your gain the labour shall requite.

FREDERIC.

I'll think on what you said.

CROP.

Aye! aye! be careful Fred,

MARGAGETTA.

Lost in the dark, perplex'd I rove,
And know not where I stray;
Some kindly star, a friend to love,
Direct me on my way.

DOROTHY.

I'll see if yet the coast be clear,
Hold, hold, not yet, they still are here.

FREDERIC and CROP.

But if at last my suit should fail,

ROBIN and WILLIAM.

'Psha! never stand to quake and quail.

FREDERIC.

To night good fortune be our guide,
We'll take the best that may betide.

MARGARETTA.

Hope a distant joy disclosing,
Balmy comfort can impart,
Anxious doubt, in Hope reposing,
Fancy calms the tortur'd heart.

DOROTHY.

Hope, &c.

FREDERIC.

Hope, &c.

CROP.

Hope, &c.

WILLIAM.

Hope, &c.

MAR.

NO SONG NO SUPPER,

MARGARETTA.

My weary toil success repay,
And fortune guide us on our way.

DOROTHY.

My weary, &c.

FREDERIC.

My weary, &c.

CROP.

My weary, &c,

WILLIAM.

My weary, &c.

END of ACT I.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*A View near the Sea.**Enter WILLIAM and SAILORS.*

WILLIAM.

FROM aloft the sailor looks around,
And hears below the murm'ring billows sound,
Far off from home, he counts another day,
Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away.

His courage wants no whet,

But he brings the sail to fet,

With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
And caring nought, he turns his thought
To his lovely Sue or charming Bet.

Now to Heav'n the lofty topmast soars,
The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars,
Now ocean's deepest gulphs appear below,
The curling surges foam, and down we go.

When skies and seas are met,

They his courage save to whet,

With a heart as fresh as rizing breeze of May,
And dreading nought, &c.

Enter

Enter CROP and ROBIN.

Crop. And is your heart still set on Margaretta.

Robin. Aye! as true as the wind blows, and if Margaretta's heart does but hold as steady as mine, I don't fear bringing all to bear. How goes it, lads? (*To Sailors.*)

William. Cheerfully, Robin! the tide has thrown ashore some of our property, which we have put safe under the rocks.

Robin. As the tide ebbs so fastly my boys, perhaps my keg may be left on the beach. 'Egad there's something dev'lish like it—'Bye, brother Crop.

[*Exeunt Robin and Sailors.*]

Crop. Why then, I must go to Grist's by myself.

[*Exit Crop.*]

S C E N E II.

A Wood.

Enter MARGARETTA.

Mar. O! dear, what will become of me? I am quite be-nighted. I have led the lawyer a fine dance, faith! he may now follow his own schemes as much as he likes, so he does not spoil mine.

A Miser bid to have and hold me,

And greedy parents wou'd have sold me.

A husband was enough for me, no matter ugly, lame or old,

There was no harm that they cou'd see, so all his bags were full of gold.

No, Robin, no, you need not fear, you never were in danger here,

Should such a husband have, or hold.

Hey! sure I heard a rustling among the bushes; as I live here's a man coming this way; O Lord! I am frighten'd out of my wits; there are so many paths, that I am at a loss to know which takes me to the village.

Enter

Enter CROP.

Crop. 'Egad, it's well I happen'd to meet with my neighbour Trotman, or I shou'd have had a long walk, to no purpose; for he informs me poor Grist is dead.— Poor fellow! well, death can neither be seen or prevented, so there's an end of that. (*Sees Margaretta.*) Who goes there?

Mar. A poor girl, Sir, who wants a night's lodging, and has lost her way.

Crop. Where did you want to go to, my girl?

Mar. To the next village, Sir.

Crop. You are out of the way, indeed; however, come with me, I'll provide you with a night's lodging.

Mar. Lord, Sir, I hope you don't intend me any harm.

Crop. Harm, indeed! no, not I, my girl. Do you see yonder cottage, where the smoke rises through the trees; I am the owner of it, and, I trust it's doors were never yet shut to charity.

Mar. Are you the owner of that cottage?

Crop. I am; there's an honest housewife that will use you kindly, who is melancholy enough, poor soul! I dare say, at being left alone.

Mar. (*aside*) Very melancholy, indeed. Well, some of you, men, are really good creatures, and I could find in my heart to do you a piece of service, honest Farmer.

Crop. Come, my girl, don't be afraid, I'll take care of you.

Mar. Heav'n bless you for your kindness: I think I shall have it in my power to reward you, or I am very much mistaken.

[*Exeunt Crop and Margaret.*]

SCENE III.

The inside of DEBORAH'S Cottage.

Enter LOUISA and DEBORAH.

Deb. Nay, nay, child, don't take on so; don't cry so; you shou'd endeavour to forget Frederic now.

Louisa.

Louisa. Forget him ! that's impossible.

Deb. Well, but consider it was not any ill-usage of your's that made him leave the place—'twas all his own doing.

Louisa. That consideration consoles me ; had it been otherwise, I could never have forgiven myself (*a harp is heard,*) what's that ? Musick at this hour.

Deb. Music ! no ; lack-a-day, it's only old Jones the Welch fortune-teller.

Louisa. My dear grandmother, let him come in, I shou'd like to have my fortune told.

Deb. If you live to be old, your fortune will tell itself.

Louisa. Now, pray fetch him in, and have your fortune told.

Deb. My fortune, indeed ; no, no, I know my fortune well enough ; however, I'll go and send him to you. [*Exit Deborah.*]

Louisa. It will at least serve to divert me for some me.

Enter FREDERIC, in a large black gown and long beard.

Fred. Save you, young woman, may the stars shine with favourable rays on this house : your face wears the marks of melancholy.

Louisa. What have you to say to my face !

Fred. Your fortune cannot mend your face, tho' your face may mend your fortune. But my profession is to make proper questions to the hand, favour me with your's.

Louisa. What will that tell you ?

FREDERIC.

Pretty maid, your fortune's here, you have pow'r the heart to charm,

Leave your hand, what shou'd you fear, wrinkled age can do no harm.

Mercy on me ! what is this ? lines of heart too hard I see,

How

How I long to print a kiss, on the hand you shew to me.

I have discovered there is a young man who adores you, and whom your usage forc'd to quit his country.

Louisa. Nay, now you are wrong; I didn't force him.

Fred. Be assured 'twas on your account. He meant to cross the seas, but he was scarce embark'd, when a storm o'ertook him, the night was dark, the waves were high, the vessel struck upon a rock——

Louisa. Oh! (*Screams and faints*)

Fred. (*catches her.*) My Louisa! look up, your Frederic lives. [*Throws off his disguise.*]

Louisa. Good Heav'n's, Frederic! what means this disguise?

Fred. I scarce can tell you now; but my dear Louisa, I am now in the possession of an ample fortune; I am the real heir to the estate in the neighbourhood, who has been so long expected here.

Louisa. Ah! Frederic, you are now *too* rich for me.

Fred. No, Louisa; thank Heaven, we live in a country that knows no distinction of persons, but in virtue.

D U E T.

FREDERIC and LOUISA.

Thus every hope obtaining, the doubtful conflict o'er,
Fortune of thee complaining, I waste my sighs no more.
Love by thy pow'r bestowing, the hand I fondly prize,
Take from a heart o'erflowing, my vows which grateful
rise.

FREDERIC.

Still fondly possessing the *Maid* I adore,
In transports unceasing the moments shall roll,

LOUISA.

Still fondly possessing the youth I adore,
In transports unceasing the moments shall roll.
Content with my blessing, I ask not for more,
But doat on the treasure, so dear to my soul.

[*Exeunt Louisa and Frederic.*]

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

A room in CROP's house.

ENDLESS and DOROTHY discovered at a table, &c. laid for supper; at the back of the stage are several sacks, which appear full.

Dor. Indeed, Mr. Endless, I wou'dn't do such a thing for the world.

Endless. I have carried on this action too precipitately. (*aside*) But, my dear Dorothea, let us reason this affair together. (*rises.*)

Dor. (*rises.*) But what signifies our reasoning about a thing, which I know to be wrong.

End. I say, what signifies *our* knowing a thing to be wrong, when nobody else known any thing about the matter. A blot, is *no blot*, 'till it's hit.

Dor. Aye, but is their no such thing as conscience?

End. But conscience can't be summoned into court; I never heard of a man's conscience being *subpœned* on a trial; if that was the case, there wou'd be an end of our profession at once. Oh! it wou'd be all Dicky with us.

Enter Nelly with a leg of boil'd lamb, which she puts on the table and exit.

End. But, as Nelly seems to have been so busy for us, let us sit down, and finish the subject after supper. (*They sit down.*)

Dor. I needn't ask you to make free, I hope, Mr. Endless, as all you see on the table is your own.

End. Don't mortify me, my sweet Dorothea, by calling it *mine*, you know it's all *your's*—at least if your husband's money can make it so. (*aside.*)

Dor. O! Dear, you are so obliging, I fear we shall never have it in our power to return your kindness, at least 'till George has gain'd his law-suit.

C

End.

End. I'll take care not to wait 'till then. (*aside*) Don't mention any reward to me, I am sufficiently repaid in the happiness of (*rises and offers to kiss her, a loud knocking at the door.*) Who the Devil's that? Do you expect any body here to night? O Lord, the supper will be spoil'd.

Dor. Nelly, Nelly.

Enter NELLY.

Dor. Run, Nelly, see who's at the door; if it's George I am undone.

[*Exit Nelly, she returns immediately.*]

Nelly. O dear, it's my master, as I hope to be married.

End. The Devil it is!

Dor. O dear! What shall we do with Mr. Endless.

End. Aye! there will be an *end* of Mr. Endless.

Crop. (*without*) Why wife, Dorothy, Dorothy.

End. Zounds! put me any where, have you no closet; or snug corner I can creep into?

Dor. No, but here I have it; creep into this sack.

End. A sack!

Dor. Yes, I'll get my husband to bed presently, and then I'll come and let you out.

End. Creep into a sack! the thing's impossible; my new suit here will be totally spoil'd.

Dor. No, no, it has only had flour in it, and that will easily brush off.

End. Dam'me, but I wish I could brush off.

Dor. Come, Nelly, help me to put it over him.

End. Well, don't you let the cat out of the bag.

Crop. (*without*) Why, Nelly, Dorothy, why don't you open the door? (*Dorothy and Nelly put a sack over Endless and place him among the other sacks. Nelly removes the lamb and exit; returns directly, followed by Pop and Margaretta.*)

Pop. Why, wife, one wou'd have thought by your keeping

keeping us at the door so long, you had been fast asleep; what were you dreaming of?

Dor. I am sure we never dreamt of you. (*aside*)

Crop. Poor Grist is dead, which made me come back to night, and on my way I met this young woman, who had lost her road, you must give her a night's lodging and a bit of supper.

Mar. (*aside*) Where the dence have they hid this roguish lawyer? I know he is here by their confusion.

Dor. Why George, as I didn't expect you home to-night, I have got nothing for supper at all.

Mar. (*after feeling the sack.*) Oh! you are there, are you, Mr. Lawyer? (*aside*)

Crop. Hang it, I'm sorry there's nothing for supper, for I expect Robin here presently.

Mar. (*aside*) What do I hear! Robin expected here!

Crop. He's only gone to the sea-shore, to see if any thing was flung up by the tide.

Robin. (*without,*) Hallo! Hallo!

Crop. 'Egad, here he is, I'll go and bring out one of our cheeses; I dare say he's hungry: he always had a good appetite. [Exit Crop.

Enter ROBIN, with a small keg under his arm.

Robin. Huzza! my boys, Robin's his own man again, with these fruits of honest industry will I moor for life, and when I hear the wind rattle, I'll heave a sigh for all poor brother tars.

Mar. I hope he hasn't forgot poor Margaretta. He has not said a word of me yet. (*aside.*)

Enter CROP with a cheese.

Crop. To think I shou'd have nothing for supper but cheese, a plague of this ill-luck.

Robin. I'm so happy, I cou'd dance a hornpipe on the head of a scupper nail.

Crop. What makes you so merry, Robin?

Robin. Why George, I have now recover'd my spirits.

Crop. What, in that keg, I suppose.

Robin.

Robin. Aye ! the finest in the world, drawn from all the parts of the globe, you shall taste them.

Crop. With all my heart, give us a glass, Nelly.

Robin. A glass indeed ! Lord love your lubberly head ; give me a hammer. (*Crop gives a hammer, Robin un-
hoops the keg, and takes out a handful of gold.*)

ROBIN.

Three years a sailor's life I led, and plough'd the roar-
ing sea,
For why her foes shou'd England dread, whilst all her
sons are free.
From France to Spain I earn my bread, I thought it fair
d'ye see,
And if a shot had ta'en my head, why there was an end
of me.

A medicine sure for grief and care,
I steer'd my course to find ;
Thenceforth an easy sail to bear,
And run before the wind.
Their conj'ring skil let doctor's boast,
And nostrums of their shop,
Where e'er we search from coast to coast,
There's none like the golden drop.

For gold we sail the world around,
And dare the tempest's rage,
For when the sparklers once are found,
They ev'ry ill assuage.
'Twixt Jew and Christian not a fig
Of diff'rence here we find,
The Jew no loathing has to pig,
If 'tis of the Guinea kind.

Are not these the best cordials ? These are true golden
drops, extracted from the Spanish mines, and I hope,
from my soul, they will not be the last we shall draw
from the same quarter.

Mar.

Mar. (aside) I am afraid now he's so rich, he'll marry a lady.

Robin. Here, Crop, you may want a few guineas, and as the keg is open here, take a handful, and when you've recovered your law-suit pay me, and now with the rest—

Crop. Aye, Robin, what will you do with the rest?

Robin. Carry it to Margaretta, and if she is still in the mind, marry her directly, and live happy all the rest of my life.

Mar. (af.de.) My charming Robin!

Robin. If I cou'd but see her now.

Mar. (coming forward.) Aye! if you did, I fear you' wou'd change your note.

Robin. Margaretta! (*runs and kisses her.*)

Mar. I little thought of meeting you here, Robin.

Robin. And how came you here? I forgot to ask that.

Mar. Oh! that's too long a story to tell you now.

Robin. Well, then, let's here it another time. O! dear Margaretta! I say—that—I say—you—that—O Lord! (*runs and kisses her very eagerly*) come, let's now to supper, and be merry. But where is the supper? What have you got in the house, brother Crop?

Crop. Why, I never knew any thing happen so unlucky, we have got nothing in the house, and I am as hungry as a lion myself.

Dor. Why, what a fuss you make about supper; we are not all so rich as Mr. Robin.

Crop. But what use are his riches now? we can't eat and drink gold.

Robin. Egad, if you can, you shall have it.

Crop. Faith, Robin, I can give you nothing but bread and cheese.

Robin. Well, bread and cheese, and kisses; hey! Margaretta, sit down my girl.

Mar. Presently, Robin. Now let me see if I can't furnish the table better. I smell the lamb yet. (*aside*)

[Robin and Crop sit.]

Robin

Robin. Come, Madge, give the landlord and I one of the songs you used to sing, if you hav'n't forgot them. You don't know what a good pipe she has.

Mar. I'll sing you one that I heard this morning, which is quite new.

Robin. Aye! let's hear it.

Mar. The person who learn't it me, said it shou'd never be sung before a poor meal, but you shall judge if he was right.

Crop. Well, begin my girl.

MARGARETTA. (*Sings first verse.*)

Across the Downs this morning, as by times I chanc'd
to go,

A shepherd led his flock abroad, all white as driven
snow,

But one was most the shepherd's care,

A lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair,

It's wond'rous beauties in a word, to let you fairly
know,

'Twas such as Nelly from the fire, took off not long ago.

Crop. Hold, hold, my girl, if I heard you right, I think you said such as Nelly took off the fire not long ago.

Mar. 'Tis part of my song, Sir.

Robin. Aye! 'tis part of her song.

Crop. Well, but is it joke or earnest? Have you any lamb in the house, Nelly?

Robin. Come, Nell, let's overhaul your lockers.

Crop. Come, come, wife, I see how this is, you had a mind to surprize me agreeably.

Der. Why, that was the case indeed, George, I knew you was very fond of lamb, so as it was only a small joint, I meant to give it you, when you was alone.

Crop. I thought so, but bring it here, Nelly; I am one that don't like to see my guests fare worse than myself.

Robin.

Robin. Come, bear a hand, Nell, stretch along the lamb halcyards, and a knife or two. [*Exit Nell, and returns with lamb, &c.*] 'Egad, Madge, it was lucky you happened to fall in with the sheep.

Crop. Aye! so it was; come, let's hear the rest of the song.

MARGARETTA. (*Sings second verse.*)

This lamb so blithe as Midsummer,
His frolic gambols play'd;
And now of all the flock a-head,
The pretty wanton stray'd.

A wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes,
Rush'd forth, and seiz'd the tender prize.

The shepherd saw, and rais'd a stone,
So round, so large, I vow,
'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
Upon the shelf just now.

Crop. Stop, my dear; didn't you say, like the cake Nelly laid on the shelf just now. Why, Nell, is there a cake in the house?

Robin. Aye! that there is.

Crop. Come, bring it out, Nell.

[*Exit Nell, returns with cake.*]

Robin. What, still the same madcap as ever, Margaretta.

Crop. 'Egad, this is a most excellent song.

Mar. Will you hear the rest of it, Sir?

Crop. By all means; and if the latter part of it is as good as the former, it will be by much the best song I ever heard.

Mar. You shall judge, Sir.

Crop.

NO SONG NO SUPPER,

Crop. I shan't be tired, I love a song.

Robin. 'Egad, brother Crop, "*No Song no Supper!*"

MARGARETTA. (*Sings third verse.*)

This monstrous stone, the shepherd flung,

And well his aim he took,

Yet, scarce the savage creature deign'd

Around to cast a look.

But fled as swift, with footsteps light,

As he who brought the wine to night.

I tried to stop the thief, but he

Turn'd round in rage, good lack!

So mad the lawyer scarce can be,

That's hid in yonder sack.

Crop. (*rises.*) A lawyer hid in the sack! Zound's! what is all this?

Robin. (*Goes to the sacks.*) O! impossible; these are full of corn. (*beats the sacks.*) Yes, faith, here's one seems to be heaving anchor. (*Endless moves, and comes down to the front of the stage.*) 'Egad, if they shou'd all rise, you'll have a fine field of standing corn, brother Crop, (*beats Endless, who offers to go*) hold, hold, no exportation without inspection. (*Pulls off the sack and discovers Endless, who is covered with flour.*)

Crop. Endless! Oh! the Devil!

End. Assault me if you dare; if you strike me it's cognizable in court, as I wasn't found in any over-act.

Crop. No, but you was found in a very rascally one, though.

End. I don't care for that.

Crop. If these are your tricks, I know how to suit you.

End. And you know how to *non* suit, I find.

Crop. To think I shou'd entrust you to manage my affairs.

Robin.

Robin. You might have had a young Crop before you look'd for it.

End. I beg you wou'dn't mention it.

Crop. I have a great mind to knock your head off.

End. Don't mention it, pray don't.

Robin. You deserve to be beat like a sack.

End. Don't mention it, pray don't. I move for a Habeas Corpus out of this court: but take care how you insult a limb of the law, or you may chance to bring down the vengeance of the whole body.

[*Exit Endless.*

Robin. If such limbs were lopped off, it wou'd do the constitution good.

Crop. (*To Dorothy.*) What have you to say for yourself? eh! you jade: so the lamb was for Mr. Endless.

Mar. I shou'd but half repay your kindness if I didn't tell you, that your wife has ever refus'd to listen to his addresses; this, I assure you, he said himself, when he little thought any one overheard him.

Crop. Say you so. then wife give me your hand, and let us for the future endeavour to live happy together, and the best way to *do so*, is to forget and forgive.

Robin. So it is brother Crop.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Oh! Robin, all our fortunes are made; Master Frederic is a rich 'Squire, and is going to marry your niece, there will be oxen roasting, and wine and ale running about the streets; there are illuminations, and he has ordered the whole town to be let on fire.

Enter FREDERIC and LOUISA.

Robin. Master Frederic, I wish you joy; and d'ye see, Louisa, make him a good wife. This storm to night has blown back your lover, but remember, the gentle gales of moderate weather, must keep the husband within hail of you.

FINALE.

F I N A L E.

MARGARETTA, DOROTHY, *and* CROF.

Let shepherd lads and maids advance,
And neatly trim be seen,
To-night we'll lead the merry dance,
In circles o'er the green.

LOUISA *and* FREDERIC.

Beyond our hopes, by fortune crown'd,
Here all our troubles cease ;
Each year that takes its jocund round,
Shall bring content and peace.

MARGARETTA.

And whilst we sport and dance and play,
The tabor blythe shall sound,
We'll laugh and chaunt our carols gay,
While merry bells ring round.

DOROTHY.

Now mirth and glee, and pastimes light,
The frolick hours shall share,
And sparkling eyes shall wake to-night
To-morrow's time for care.

And whilst we sport and dance and play,
The tabor blythe shall sound,
We'll laugh and chaunt our carols gay,
While merry bells ring round.

Chorus, &c. &c. 4 AP 54

F I N I S.

